



The Tragedy
H A M L E T
Prince of Denmark

Enter Barnardo, and Francisco

Bar. VV hose there?
Fran. Nay answered
Bar. Long live the
Fran. Barnardo.

Bar. Hee.
Fran. You come most carefully
Bar. Tis now strooke twelfe, go
Fran. For this reliefe much thanke
And I am sick at hart.

Bar. Haue you had quiet guard
Fran. Not a mousethirring.

Bar. Well, good night:
If you doe meete Horatio and Marcellus
The riuals of my watch, bid them
Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Francisco

Fran. I thinke I heare them, stand
Horo. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And Leedgemen to the Iewes
Fran. Giue you good night.

Mar. O, farwell honest souldier
Fran. Barnardo hath my place; go